



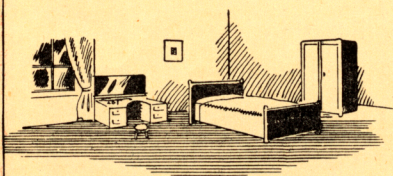
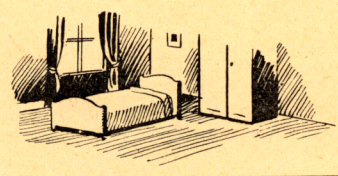


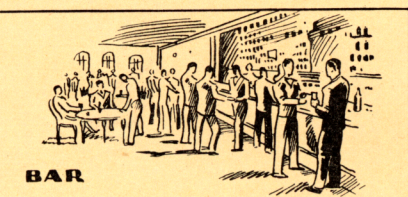
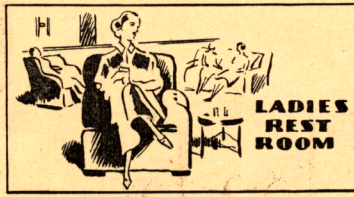
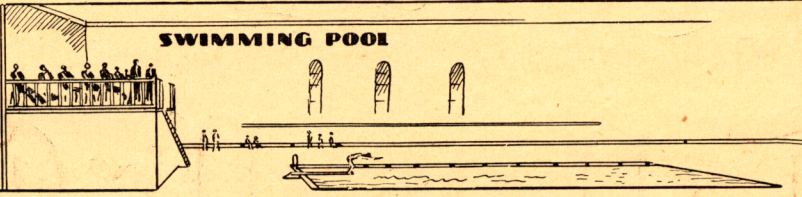
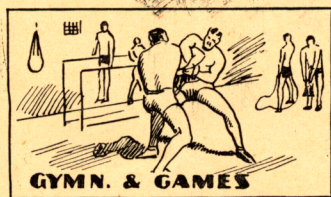
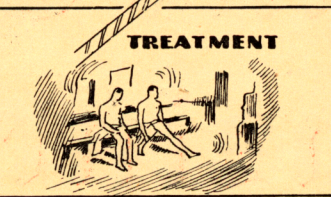


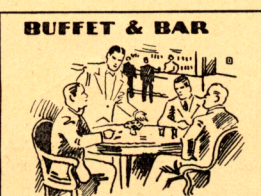
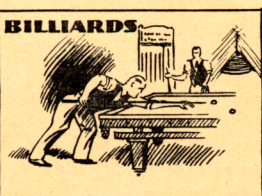
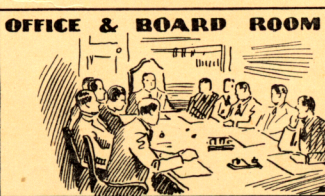



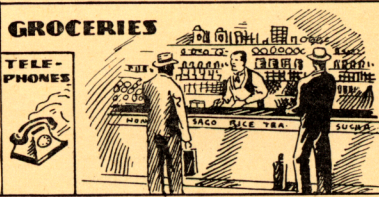

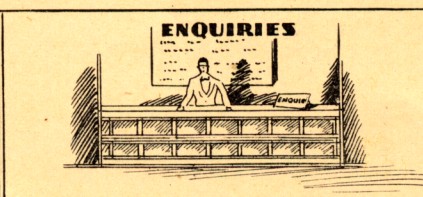
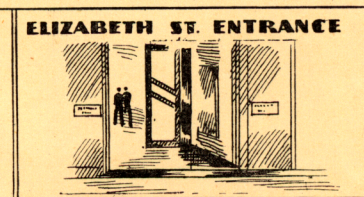
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 3. May, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY



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THE official journal of San Diego Club wrote in the course of an article reviewing the list of clubs whose hospitality might be availed of by members under a reciprocal arrangement: "In Australia the famous Tattersall's Club in Sydney welcomes S.D.C. members, and this has proved a boon to many members who in recent months have been sent overseas on a mission for Uncle Sam."

Therefore, membership of an accredited club in your city—or as the Americans say, your "home town"—opens for you the doors of other clubs in various parts of the world. It means that when you go abroad, you pack a special privilege in your portmanteau.

In normal times, the comradeship of the club ranks next only to the love and loyalty of the home. A fellow member, by all the rules of the game, is a friend, whether he be in San Diego or in Sydney. It is expected that you play your part as host, just as your guest of to-day would return the compliment as your host of to-morrow.

That is the spirit, and that is the purpose of reciprocity. By subscribing to that happy arrangement, as you are doing, guests from overseas feel here the glow of goodwill and carry away the kindest of recollections.

The Club Man's Diary

May Birthdays.—

1st, Mr. V. H. Moodie; 3rd, Mr. R. Miller; 4th, Messrs. L. M. Browne and D. F. Stewart; 6th, Mr. H. C. Bartley; 7th, Messrs. L. P. R. Bean and G. A. Crawford; 14th, F./Lt. C. E. Blayney; 15th, Mr. J. Goldberg; 16th, Capt. L. S. Loewenthal; 22nd, Mr. Justice Herron and Mr. de Renzie Rich; 26th, Messrs. R. B. Barmby, J. T. Hackett and C. R. Tarrant; 28th, Mr. G. Chiene; 30th, Judge Clancy; 31st, Mr. A. B. Abel.

June Birthdays.—

1st, Mr. I. Green; 2nd, Mr. G. B. Murtough; 5th, Mr. F. A. Comins; 7th, P/O. H. J. Robertson; 9th, Mr. S. Baker; 11th, Messrs. A. E. Bailey and C. E. Young; 14th, Mr. S. E. Thomas; 15th, Messrs. E. H. Knight and J. L. Ruthven; 16th, Mr. F. Shepherd; 17th, Dr. J. C. B. Allen and Mr. P. P. Hassett; 18th, Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward; 19th, Mr. N. Schureck; 20th, Messrs. C. R. Cornwell and F. G. Underwood; 29th, Messrs. A. J. Genge and C. A. Shepherd.

* * *

From somewhere overseas on active service, Jim Broadbent wrote the secretary, sending warm greetings to all friends and adding cryptically, "Time does fly."

Acknowledging receipt of the December issue of this magazine, Jim wrote: "I couldn't possibly tell you how much I appreciate the club magazine with all the news it conveys about the people at home."

* * *

During a pre-view of Doncaster Day form I heard one radio announcer refer to Fermanagh as "Fer-MAN-uh" and another prefer "Fer-man-ah." Albert Maher (pronounced Meagher) gives the native pronunciation of Fermanagh as Fermannah.

Corners, gentlemen.

* * *

As it came over the air: "In the St. Leger we have fifteen hundred pounds divided among four animals."

It all depends on how you interpret "animals."

* * *

In a field of 13, one of the radio commentators chose six horses as having winning chances. I may be a little old-fashioned, but I prefer picking 'em out of a hat.

* * *

A country Digger surveying Rimveil on Doncaster Day:

"He wouldn't get a place in the front line pulling waggons. The brass hats don't like horses with a blaze. It provides a mark for snipers."

* * *

Quip from "Truth": "Flight swung for home clear and as full of running as Mussolini's legions."

* * *

Then there was the trainer's daughter who really believed that a nightmare was the dark horse she had heard her father say he had done his money on in the Doncaster.

* * *

Do you remember the grey bowler hat of John Spencer Brunton that challenged all-comers of its type and yielded exclusiveness to none other than the Penfold Hyland replica? I thought we would never see the like of those cadies again. They were the products of an era past with many of the personalities of that era, and they depended for their distinction on the wearers. In other words, not many could carry them off. They required "presence," which isn't a gift the gods distribute lavishly.

In such circumstances I was amazed to see in the city the other day one of those hats parading like a ghost on the head of a little old man among the heterogeneous collection of modern modes.

* * *

Add to the list of country squires Frank Alldritt, who is settled on a nice pastoral property five miles out-

side of Orange; an odds-on proposition. He can now talk authoritatively of cows and sheep and pigs and—no, not goats; he wants to forget them. Bill looked as well as he said he felt, and showed his honest ploughman's hands to George Price as a proof that he had become a true son of the soil.

* * *

Lionel Bloom's son has gone to join the members of the gallant company who gave their lives in the service of their country. Only nineteen, the son who bore his father's honoured name, was killed in an aircraft accident. Mere words cannot survey the measure of our grief at the passing of this bright young Australian. He answered the call. He died for us. Let us remember.

To our friend Lionel and to all near and dear we offer a sincere expression of our heartfelt sympathy.

* * *

Once, and never again, my opinion as a foreign correspondent was sought on the appeal and, possibly, the merits—which are not necessarily identical—of a war song-cum-marching tune. "Well?" inquired the official in attendance (a newly hatched bureaucrat) after the composition had been played over on the disc. "A little rata-tat-tatty," I ventured. "Scarcely Sousaesque." The official raised his eyebrows. "I am satisfied," he observed frigidly. "In that case," I conceded, "the piece should prove a sensation."

* * *

After all, neither of us was equipped musically to challenge the opinion of the other. I have heard a good deal of good music and of good singing over many years; but a votary isn't necessarily a judge. Often silence is golden. The world's blight to-day is that the ill-informed and misinformed are the more vocal, smashing with their little wordy

axes into the framework of intellectualism. The wiser people are sawing wood.

* * *

Producer Gas Tip: A tip for starting a producer gas unit from cold is given by the N.R.M.A. engineers. Push the poker bar gently down through the charcoal from the top until you reach the grate or tuyere level (according to the type in use) and then give the poker a stirring motion. This will allow a passage for the air through the depth of charcoal and aid starting. Don't jam the poker down, however, as this will damage the grate or tuyere and perhaps you may lose your fire.

* * *

As I ventured to suggest, some time previously, Melba could not capture the sentiment either of "Home, Sweet Home" or of Tosti's "Good-Bye." Both she got off her chest; bellowing the latter. She may have rated them in the "sing-'em-muck" class—who knows? She squandered few superlative notes in the rendering. In each Dolores was prodigal.

Writing not with a great knowledge, but with some experience, I should say the adage of "horses for courses" applies equally in the case of "singers for songs." Certain singers dislike certain songs which the public demand that they sing. Ergo, the renderings are often so indifferently done as to reveal a squealing in undertone. Other singers are simply irked, but do not betray their feelings.

* * *

Before Richard Crooks came here on a concert tour, he had enchanted a radio audience with his glorious vocalisation of "Song of Songs," a ballad, sentimental and all that, but, given in the Crooks style, something to make one experience a touch of rapture.

When the crowd at his first concert in Sydney Town Hall clamoured

for that number, Crooks shrugged his shoulders—a gesture of surprise, rather than of impatience. Either someone had kidded him that Sydneysiders were votaries of the classical, or he had purposed to show that his reputation rested on more than sentimental stuff; that he was more than a sublimated Tony Martin.

Further, it has always appeared to me that as some great horses cannot handle some courses, so some great singers are unhappy in some songs. Put it down to predilection.

* * *

The passing of Colonel R. S. Sands removed a soldier and a man in the best sense of the terms. He was an able man of business, and he brought to his military duties gifts of organisation that proved of incalculable service to his country. In all things he was steadfast and loyal. To his family we offer our sincere condolence.

* * *

Some of those war writers, as I read them, are very careless with their figures—they would go broke paying out twice. Last week, when I had nearly caught up with them, the Russians had killed off all the Germans and the Germans had captured all the Russians. Towns had changed hands so many times that the defeated had scarcely time to retire before they were re-attacking, which meant that the vanguard of the one got mixed up with the rear-guard of the other. Friend and foe had met so many times as to be on nodding terms.

Perhaps the war commentators confuse me more than they do you—or perhaps you haven't read them.

* * *

Calling all stations: Clem Fader wants to know whether he should be expected to play Bridge according to his own intuition or to please the audience.

The domino players have some rule about that. What it is I cannot recall at the moment.

Some of the old-time Australian boxers in championship class, and of whom I have been reading, had plenty of skill but did not pack a punch, according to the chronicler. Allowing for exceptions—men of extraordinary skill—I would not class the punch-deficient boxer as a champion. The Americans who came here before World War I., and later, taught their Australian opponents that skill of itself was not enough; it must be supplemented with hard punching, and, as Johnny Shugrue proved to Bert Spargo, fast punching, too.

To refer to straight-left tappers and back-peddlers as "champions"—as boxing scribes have done—surely is to confer roses when and where cabbages should be cast.

* * *

It is suggested that the Italians may seek favourable peace terms by bumping off Musso, and restoring the monarchy.

Then, why not make Count Ciano Queen?

* * *

Nobody knew her history. All we knew was that Bergan's wife had given her a home when she was only a few weeks old. As she grew older she began to come into the bar on Saturdays when the crowd came into town; and we got to looking for her. It was a tough crowd that frequented Bergan's house in those days, yet the toughest was always gentle with Kitty. Somehow, we didn't notice that she was growing up; it came as a shock when we saw her one night with Tom from the pub. opposite. He was a sleek, black-haired Romeo; we should have known. Then it happened. Bergan dived for the shotgun when he heard; but his missus talked him out of it. Then he wanted to kick Kitty out into the street, and there was another big row. Finally, he capitulated, and Kitty is still there. But I feel a bit sorry for Bergan—I hate drowning kittens, too.

—B. A. Ker, in "The Bulletin."

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Henry Jones came home dragging his heels and slumped down in a chair, his face a picture of despair. "The worst has happened," he said dismally.

"No," cried Mrs. Jones, aghast.

"Yes," said Henry. "This afternoon, just before knocking-off time, the boss called me in and gave me the business."

* * *

Quoting from a Sydney newspaper to show that "war is hell":

"With the advent of this fearful war," says Mr. Lionel Lawson, leader of the A.B.C. Sydney Orchestra, "and the consequent blows to all kinds of importations, I was perturbed indeed about violin strings."

Further (referring to a Sydney maker of violins): "It was plain to him that violins were useless without strings, and the prospect that, among the horrors of war, would be an entire absence of string music set him on the path of string making. . . ."

The article was headed: "Fiddle Strings."

FIDDLESTICKS!

* * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury, complaining of the exaggeration of the importance of sport, confessed why he gave up golf. "The reason was," he said, "that I began to wonder

why I should care whether the ball went into the hole or not. It generally did not."

* * *

You remember Alan Doone. Before he left Australia finally for the U.S.A. he happened to hear Mr. Jim Tanner, a member of this club, recite "The Irish Letter." Doone was so impressed with the humour of it all that he exacted a promise from Mr. Tanner to put it in writing. This was done. Through the courtesy of Mr. Tanner I am able to reproduce the letter hereunder:

Clonakilty,

Jan. onst, 1942.

My Darling Boy:

I havn't received a letter from yez since the last time yez wrote to me, so I now take up my pen and pencil to inform yez of the sorrowful death of your only living uncle, Ned Fitzpatrick, who died suddenly some time ago after a lingering illness of six months. He was lying perfectly still the whole of the time, utterly spachless, talking incoherently, and crying for water. I don't know what his death was caused by, whether it was through eating too much rabbit stuffed with peas and gravy, or too much peas and gravy stuffed with rabbit.

Be that as it may, when he breathed his last the doctors gave up all hope of his recovery. And you re-

member that nice little property he was going to leave between us—well, he sold half of it some time ago to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost at a horse race; but it was the opinion of those who were present that he should have won the race only the bastes he ran against went too fast for his horse. And now you haven't a living relation in the world except myself and your two cousins who were killed in the last war.

Your old sweetheart sends her love unbeknownst to you, and Mick Moloney sends a £5 note unbeknownst to me, and I would have sent you a poddy calf only I couldn't get it into the post office hole on account of its horns.

When Ned Flanagan arrives in Australia axe him for this letter, and if he can't find it among his belongings, tell him it's the one that speaks of your uncle's death and is sealed with black wax.

Your loving Granny,

Mary Fitzpatrick.

S.P.—Don't write until you receive this.

* * *

The Quiz Kids answer many tough ones spontaneously, and it is a pity that the session should be marred occasionally by unabashed guessing—seeking a winner by picking every horse in the race. As an example, the question, "Who is the Aga Khan?" might be quoted. Out of a confusion of speculation, one of the Kids naively inquired: "Might it have anything to do with gambling?"

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THE NEW BROOM

Draw Card of Sport

Sporting folk the world over are facing up to problems, and there is a general determination to carry on.

They are being supported to the full by the public, who demand a way out from wartime worries and care.

Well-known American commentator, Grantland Rice, surveys the sporting scene in the following, viewed from the American angle, but with a global outlook.

You can rarely tell about this sporting life. As someone has said, "It may be checkered, but it's never wholly dull."

There is, for example, the case of the boxing game. With so many headlines, so many champions, in the service, this was supposed to be the drabdest of all ring seasons. On the contrary, it has brought on the biggest boom boxing has ever known.

They have been packing crowds in at New York, Detroit, Cleveland and along the West Coast, wherever they could find a pair of fighters able to throw leather around.

Beau Jack, Zivic, Pep, Robinson, LaMotta, Wilson—the crowds swarm in, ignoring any lack of old-fashioned class.

The answer to this boom is a simple one. With many spectator or com-

petitive sports shut off, there is a definite public craving for some form of release.

Racing has been cut down heavily. Golf has taken a bad beating. The fate of baseball and football is in doubt.

Why doubt? England will hold her Derby. Then why not Kentucky?

Basketball and hockey have both known big seasons. No one seems to care as long as there's a match to see. The same thing will happen to any sport that is allowed to go along.

Crowds no longer demand some star. They want action, competition. They are looking for some form of release against the grim, and bitter background of an all-out global war.

The same thing has happened all over the fighting map. No one is working 20 or 24 hours a day. No one can work that long and be any good. Twelve hours is a pretty fair working limit. That still leaves time for a few hours off.

Up to the moment of leaping or crawling to press, few will deny that so far the Russians have been pretty well tied up in this war. They have carried the major part of killing action, on both sides.

Yet, as Quentin Reynolds tells you, when the German army was within 30 miles of Moscow, the Russians still held their major football championship in Moscow before 50,000 spectators. Stalin had ordered Russian planes over the field to protect the crowd. I have heard no one calling Stalin dumb.

The leading Russian newspaper had over a million extra copies printed with the football game on the first page, to be sent to the front.

No one even partly sane would be stupid enough to say that any form of sport should be carried on that would interfere in any way with the war effort. Sport has had no such thought.

What about sport, properly handled, helping the war effort?

Properly handled, I know it can—both in the way of physical fitness and a general mental release which you can call morale, if you care to. It all amounts to the same.

Sport can be used for its proper sphere and function. It can also be misused. Sport is an amazing American force, when correctly handled. At least, I have never heard of Russia being classed or rated as a sport-loving nation above the United States.

This is no defence of sport. Under right handling it needs no defence.

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RACING FIXTURES

1943

•

MAY.

No Racing Saturday, 1st
Canterbury Park Saturday, 8th
Victoria Park Saturday, 15th
Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
Ascot Saturday, 29th

JUNE.

No Racing Saturday, 5th
Rosebery Saturday, 12th
Rosehill Saturday, 19th
A.J.C. Saturday, 26th

JULY.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
Moorefield Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park Saturday, 31st

AUGUST.

No Racing Saturday, 7th
Moorefield Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st
Canterbury Park Saturday, 28th

SEPTEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 11th
Rosehill Saturday, 18th
Hawkesbury Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . . Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Popularity of Snooker is Growing — Do you Study the Best "Safety" Shot to Set Your Opponent? — The "Stun" Shot Plays a Big Part in Successful Cueing.

More and more snooker is being played by members, and it easily predominates in games played on the green cloth.

There are many good reasons for this although, from the point of scientific cueing, the multi-ball game cannot compare with billiards, where perfect accuracy is essential to obtain major results.

A strange thing about snooker is the fact that players invariably reap more enjoyment from snookering their opponents than by sinking the balls and adding to their tally that way. Maybe there is some inherent desire among mankind to take a "raise" out of his confreres and that is exactly what happens in the majority of snookering cases.

It is more than passing strange, however, that players do not consider, in greater degree, the advantages of setting difficult snookers rather than merely "hiding" the ON ball behind a ball that is not ON.

Leading professionals take no end of pains to put opponents in bother from two angles. Firstly, they endeavour to set a difficult shot and, secondly, to prevent the tables being turned on themselves through playing any shot without due study as to possibilities by which opponents may retaliate.

An excellent example of what is meant is shown in the diagram reproduced. It is a Joe Davis sample of the correct shot to play in such circumstances and provides a lesson in itself.

It will be noted the striker has the red ball in pottable position and all the colours are on their respective spots. If the state of the game warrants, a good player could clear the board, but it is assumed snookers are required, and Davis shows how to set a poser.

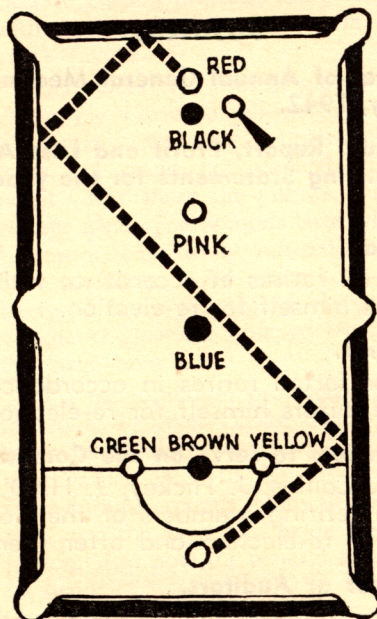
By stunning the cue-ball the white "stays put" behind the black and the sole red on the table is driven off three cushions to a place of safety behind the brown at the other end of the table.

That snooker could have been played a dozen different ways, but

the reader will at once see how the next striker will find trouble in first gauging the correct angle and then using only sufficient strength to attain his objective without dribbling the red over a pocket. All those "hurdles" tend to throw the striker off his balance and warp judgment.

The Stun Shot.

The "stun" shot, which really means deadening the progress of the cue-ball after contact, is one of the oldest in the game and much in vogue in the days before the "spot



barred" rule came into being. Champions of the Roberts-Peall era made long runs at the top of the table by exploiting it to the full. For instance, when Peall made the highest break ever (to that time) of 1989 points on May 19th, 1884, the run included 548 consecutive spot strokes!

The shot became so mechanical that while spectators wearied of it and began to stay away from big matches in large numbers, professional players also recognised the game was being made too simple. Hence the rule under which we play these days which only allows two consecutive pot-reds off the billiard spot. But, for all that, the stun

shot has retained its usefulness and is used in a variety of positions at both billiards and snooker. The "snooker" as shown in the diagram is an ideal example, and reader can well imagine how the same stroke becomes invaluable when a good player gets the reds split at the beginning of a game and has the black ball on its spot. That is how all big breaks are compiled, and stunning, when properly executed, gives the cueist absolute control.

Perhaps the simplest way to describe the "stun" to a novice is to explain that instead of the cue going right through when making the shot it ends its career immediately on contact with the cue-ball. If that is done a "follow-through" is impossible, and if the cue-ball is struck below centre the backwards rotation will pull it up dead on contact. Striking a little lower will have the effect of drawing the cue-ball back to the striker — commonly termed a "screw-back."

Snooker players will find "setting snookers" a much easier proposition if they persevere with the stun. It opens the way to innumerable shots at every point of the table.

COSMIC RAYS

Every square inch of the earth's surface is bombarded day and night with rays that come from outer space. Their energy is enormous, but we know of them only from the effects they produce in breaking up atoms of matter, ripping their outer electron structure and often wrecking their central cores.

Since cosmic rays constantly smash atoms throughout space, they act thus within our own bodies. What do they do there? They may have enormously important effects, either for good or evil. It is barely possible, though most biologists do not accept the idea that the cosmic rays may rearrange the atomic structure of the genes, which determine heredity. If so they would be responsible for the miracle of mutation, through which all the vast differentiation of species is brought about. Even beyond this, it has been suggested that the cosmic rays represent a great part of all the energy of the entire universe. But where this powerful force comes from and how it affects us no one knows.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB,
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the **Annual General Meeting of the Members** will be held in the **Club Room** on **Wednesday, 12th May, 1943, at 8 o'clock p.m.**

BUSINESS :

- (a) **To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 13th May, 1942.**
- (b) **To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 28th February, 1943.**
- (c) **To elect a Chairman.**
Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (d) **To elect a Treasurer.**
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (e) **To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for Two Years.**
Messrs. A. G. Collins, J. Hickey, J. H. O'Dea and F. G. Underwood are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.
- (f) **To elect an Auditor or Auditors.**
Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) **To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.**

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 3rd May, 1943.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

29th March, 1943.

Yank Meets Jap in Fight to Finish

By John E. Tynan

An article in "The Reader's Digest" made me stop and stare. It took me back to my embassy days in Tokyo and recreated an incident I shall always remember—the fight to the finish between Captain Warren Clear, U.S.A., and the jujitsu champion of the Japanese army. The story of that vicious clash should now be told.

It all started when the Minister of War, General Ugaki, asked Clear if he would demonstrate the strange American sport of boxing at the Tokyo Military Academy. The young military attache agreed, if in return he were permitted to observe the Japanese army training methods of jujitsu.

"Very well," said the general. "I shall arrange a bout between you and a jujitsu expert."

For the next two weeks I worked out with Clear a few minutes each day. Fortunately, he had done quite a bit of amateur boxing, and was always in good shape. I still did not realise we were in for anything more than a friendly sparring match.

On the appointed day we went to the Academy's great gymnasium, where General Ugaki presented us to the Prince Regent (now Emperor Hirohito), who had caused a sensation by turning up to see the fight.

To the rear of these celebrities were thronged some 400 officers attired in gym. clothes. I was astonished at their unusual size—more than half were six feet tall, and brawny, hardened, blackened by the sun.

All were to be instructors in athletic activities when they returned to their regiments. They were joined shortly by some 40 others just coming in from manoeuvres—sinister-looking fighting men, naked except for breech-clouts, cartridge bandoliers, and steel helmets.

General Ugaki called one of the toughest-looking officers. "This is Captain Kitamura, jujitsu champion

of the Imperial Japanese Army," he said to Clear, "your adversary."

Clear put out his hand, but the Jap. did not take it. Instead, he bowed low from the waist.

We had expected to use a 24-foot ring, canvas floor-covered, and padded posts. But Kitamura objected. What the jujitsu champion wanted was just the opposite—plenty of latitude in which to stalk his opponent and a hard surface upon which to slam him. Despite Clear's protests, the general, with courtly suavity, decided in his man's favour.

There were two sizes of gloves for Clear, big 12-ounce pillows and the regulation six-ounce professional mitts. I could not understand it when Clear chose the pillows, but I got the idea a few seconds later when Kitamura very firmly refused to let him use them. As Clear told me later, "I knew he would object to whichever gloves I chose, so I picked the large ones."

In a memorandum previously submitted to General Ugaki, Clear had made plain all the conditions of the bout, which was to be fought in three-minute rounds without decision, and the Japs. had made no objection. But now the general stepped in again.

"My purpose in staging this bout," he said, "is to demonstrate the relative combat effectiveness of jujitsu versus boxing. Therefore, I prefer that the contest be waged just as it would be on the field of battle, Captain Kitamura being permitted to use the full effectiveness of jujitsu without restraint and the same privilege being accorded Captain Clear as regards boxing. I expect this to be a real fight, not a mere exhibition. It should not end until one man or the other is not able, or does not wish, to continue. Otherwise it will prove nothing, and the class will not be impressed as I want it to be impressed."

So it was agreed to fight to a finish, in five-minute rounds, the

man first taking a count of 10 to be the loser.

Two husky young lieutenants stepped forward as bell ringer and timekeeper. I had my own watch out also—and was very obvious about it.

The general pointed to two chalked circles about 20 feet apart. "You will stand in your circles until the gong is struck. Then you will attack," he said.

Kitamura was a fine physical specimen, six-feet-one and weighing 200 pounds, with a pair of shoulders like Jack Dempsey's. His hands were hard as iron, conditioned by years of the jujitsu exercise of breaking boards with the side of the palm. He wore the Jap. wrestler's customary costume of half-sleeved canvas jacket and rolled breechclout.

Clear stood six feet and weighed 185 pounds, a splendid type of young American fighting man. His muscles were hard and supple and his stomach as flat as a board. He wore a pair of old swimming trunks.

The Jap., of course, had a great psychological advantage. He was surrounded by over 400 of his comrades intense in their desire for his victory. As for Clear, I was his entire cheering section. But he had an advantage, too—plenty of good old American guts. He had to have, and iron control of his nerves, too, considering what he was up against. For jujitsu is not a sport, it is a mayhem. His opponent would not try to knock him out; he would seek to break an arm, a leg, rupture him, permanently maim him.

Bong! went the bronze gong.

Battle, simple and elemental, confronted us. Two tribesmen, one yellow, one white, were moving in to determine who was the more competent savage. Both men advanced slowly, circling to the right, the Jap. on the outside. I knew Clear was on guard against a kick to the groin,

(Continued on Page 11.)

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and suddenly it came, like lightning, striking him inside the left thigh, a little low. It left a big red welt.

Then the Jap. began to move to the left. Clear moved with him. The American lashed out with straight jabs from time to time, to keep the other from getting too close. Kitamura was completely confident, almost contemptuous. I felt a tightening in the stomach as I watched him stalk his prey. Here was action—parry and thrust, blow and counterblow; every few seconds the sly trick, the cunning ruse.

Then Clear clipped him with a sharp right to the Adam's apple. The Jap. didn't like it a bit as his eyes watered profusely. From then on he was out for blood. You could see that. He lashed out suddenly with both hands. The iron-hard outer edge of his bare left caught Clear just above the eyes, and glanced downward, taking the skin off the bridge of his nose. His right smashed down on the muscles of the American's left forearm. Both were vicious, painful blows.

At the same time Clear let go a right uppercut. It grazed the Jap.'s incoming chin and almost tore his nose off.

The gong rang. What a five minutes that had been!

Kitamura backed over to his circle and squatted on his haunches, the blood running from his nose. Never for a second did he take his eyes off Clear. With the long, livid welt on his forehead and his skinned nose, Clear looked as if someone had slashed him across the face with a bull whip.

"He hasn't got in a damaging blow yet," I said, by way of cheering him up.

"Then someone's been throwing rocks at me," replied Clear.

The gong rang.

Kitamura bounced off his haunches. His first expression of confident condescension now replaced by a menacing glare of hate and determination, he began circling to the right again, more rapidly this time. Clear moved with him, jabbing, watching him like a hawk.

The audience was just as tense as the fighters. I have never seen more gripping interest written on human

faces. This was real straight racial drama, a microcosm of the tremendous tragedy that was to be enacted later in the flaming crucible of war. Kitamura had not only his own face to preserve but the face of the Imperial Japanese Army as well. He was fighting for the honour of Japan.

Suddenly the Jap. raised his right hand high and, as Clear lifted his left guard to block a head blow, got in a savage smash to the right ribs that smacked all the air out of the American's lungs with an exploding gasp. It looked like the next split second might be the end.

But two things saved Clear—his splendid condition, and the fact that the Jap. had had to throw himself so far forward that he was off balance and hence in no position to apply the finishing jujitsu hold.

Clear somehow shook off the damage and danced around his enemy. But I noticed that inch by inch the distance between the two was being shortened. The Jap. was moving in for the kill.

Suddenly he delivered another kick to the groin. This again landed a couple of inches below its intended mark, and he got paid off with a solid left hook that drew more claret from his nose.

Infuriated, Kitamura lashed out at Clear's face. He was hitting with his hands much more than jujitsu men usually do. He knew those edged blows hurt.

In return, however, he got a lesson in the elementary stratagem of American boxing—the old one-two. Clear speared him with his left and drove home a solid right-cross to the cheek-bone. It shook the Jap. up. For the first time I saw a look of apprehension cross his face.

But then Clear made his first bad error of judgment. He had always danced away after getting in a punch, so the Jap. couldn't pull him into a fatal jujitsu clinch. But now he saw what he thought was a real opening, as the Jap. appeared dazed, so he feinted again with the left, preparatory to shooting over another right. It almost cost him the fight, if not his life.

Endowed with a superb fighting instinct, Kitamura had intuitively solved the mechanism of that one-

two combination the minute he saw it. The sixth sense of the natural-born fighter told him to look for a repetition. Prepared by long years of training to convert near-disaster into opportunity, he was ready when Clear's left shot out. With a flash of blinding speed the Jap. moved in. I suddenly saw Clear thrown over the Jap.'s back, flying through the air, and landing with a crash, head-first, on the heavy planks of the floor. He lay motionless on his back.

The 400 Japs. in the audience let out a roar of savage delight. Wholly primitive in his exultation, Kitamura leaped in the air and slapped both thighs with resounding thwacks.

Someone began to count: "Ichi! Ni! San!"—one . . . two . . . three . . .

I looked at my watch. The round had gone well over five minutes. I pointed to the timepiece and yelled.

Bong! went the gong. But Clear didn't hear it at all.

I went to work on him. It was a tight spot. Down on the floor there with his prone body was the white man's prestige in that little corner of the world. His eyes fluttered and opened. I bent close over him. In front of those hundreds of yelling, screaming Japs. I could not help but feel a vicarious humiliation. "Do you think you can go on?" I asked.

"That sad face of yours is no inspiration!" came the reply.

As I helped him to his feet I could see that he was white with shock and rage. He had been badly hurt, and he was mad clear through—at himself, at Kitamura, at me. But I smiled with delight as he glared at me. I knew that a plenty tough Irish-American was getting up off that floor.

"Keep away from him for a while," I begged.

"A Jap. will always try twice what works once," said Clear.

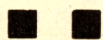
The gong sounded.

Kitamura slapped his thighs again and glided out of his circle like a hungry brown panther. Confident and cocky, he no longer had the least fear of his opponent. He moved in close to Clear, then turned his back on him and walked away, laughing. The audience roared.

"Baka no yo na," snarled Clear. (All that means is "fool"; but to a

(Continued on Page 16.)

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PAIN-CONQUERING SURGERY

Working like linemen on a far-flung telephone network, surgeons now operate on the nervous system itself—daring, delicate, miraculously effective surgery—to check the pain of incurable disease or block the effects of hidden ills that cannot be treated at their source.

Meniere's disease, a devastating form of vertigo, is probably as old as mankind, yet it is still a medical mystery. Overwhelming dizziness makes things seem to whirl; strange head noises ring alarmingly in one ear; the victim collapses. Recurrent attacks come so swiftly that they have been likened to "the swoop of the hawk."

The trouble seems to be centred in the auditory nerve, which serves both hearing and equilibrium. Some years ago, doctors discovered that they could banish the dreaded vertigo by severing the auditory nerve. But the operation also destroyed hearing.

Then a railroad conductor, who had been unable to work because of recurring attacks, brought his problem to Dr. Walter E. Dandy, celebrated neuro-surgeon at Johns Hopkins. The nerve operation might cure him but the resulting deafness

would cost him his job. Dr. Dandy had been studying Meniere's disease, and had reached an important conclusion. The auditory nerve is really two nerves in one. He believed that by severing *most* of the trunk he could check the vertigo, and that leaving *very little* intact would preserve normal hearing!

Dr. Dandy removed a small portion of the conductor's skull behind the ear and cut about five-eighths of the auditory nerve, leaving the rest. Soon the man was sitting up in bed, his vertigo gone forever but his precious hearing saved.

Dr. Dandy has since performed the operation successfully on 125 patients and it has been repeated hundreds of times by other neurosurgeons.

For 12 years Dr. Paul Brown ministered to his patients at all hours of the day and night; his "spare time" was spent in clinics, professional meetings, or poring over medical journals. Repeatedly he promised his wife that he would take that long overdue vacation "next year." At 48, Dr. Brown collapsed.

He had splitting headaches, dizzy spells. He was exhausted, irritable,

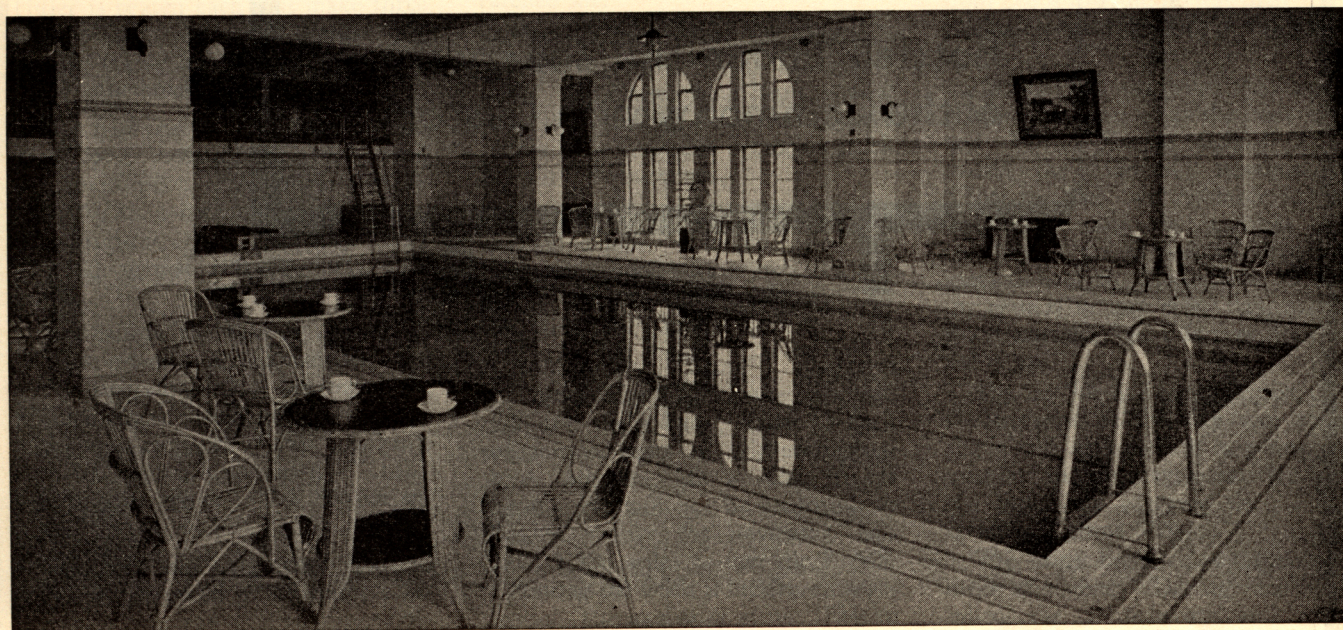
and unable to sleep. His systolic blood pressure hovered dangerously around 218. Dr. Brown knew the answer: hypertension.

As a common cause of death—particularly among middle-aged business and professional men—hypertension outranks even cancer and tuberculosis. This destructive tightening of the blood vessels seems to start in the kidneys. Apparently it is caused by some impulse transmitted over the sympathetic nervous system.

Dr. Alfred W. Adson, of Mayo Clinic, and Dr. Max Minor Peet, of the University of Michigan Hospital, had separately gone to work on surgical methods for cutting the nerve pathway and thus relieving the fatal tension on the arteries. Dr. Brown proved to be ideal for surgical treatment, *because he was under 50*, his arteries and kidneys had not been extensively damaged, and he was physically fit to undergo a major operation.

Dr. Adson made an incision along the right side of his spine and removed a portion of the 12th rib. A smooth, illuminated retractor moved aside the liver and right kidney. The surgeon gently engaged the splanchnic nerves which connect with the kidneys and other visceral organs, and delicately severed them. Then the

(Continued on Page 16.)



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One doesn't hear much about Ferry Command. It works silently behind a screen of secrecy and Atlantic mists. But day after day a stream of Lockheed Hudsons, Liberators, Fortresses drones along the secret air routes linking America and Britain.

They're flown by the world's foremost airmen. Each of Ferry Command's several hundred pilots is hand-picked. The North Atlantic offers difficult flying conditions, and a candidate for "F.C." must boast at least 750 flying hours before he'll be trusted to pilot a valuable bomber and its equally valuable crew, a load of vital war materials and perhaps an Allied Minister across 2,300 miles of heaving ocean. Once accepted, the recruit returns to school for a four-weeks' course, and approximately one-third of all trainees get no further than school. They fail to stay the course. The remainder take an oath of secrecy, sign articles binding them to physical fitness and obedience. They're ferry pilots, and until Hitler is beaten each will make three west-to-east Atlantic flights per month, taking an enforced rest after every fifth crossing.

The first trip is usually as co-pilot. Next time, perhaps, the recruit will be captain-pilot. He's given a Hudson. With a cynical grin he'll say: "A Hudson, you see, costs only £15,000 against £80,000 for a Liberator . . ."

Just before the take-off, pilot and co-pilot check over instruments. The radio operator takes bearings; the flight-engineer cocks an ear towards throbbing engines. The navigator taps his captain's shoulder. "O.K." His skipper grins: "O.K. Radio silence."

The Hun has long ears. It's told how he answered a Liberator's request for bearings with false ones designed to bring the bomber near the French coast! So the radio is only

used to signal progress to Canada from prearranged points, and at a certain hour during the night a British radio station takes over.

Weather usually deteriorates after dark. Watch for signs of ice. Wings shine; there's a crackling against the windows.

"Frost crystals! Climb." The pilot, with over 3,000 hours' flying experience, keeps eyes glued to instruments showing carburettor and air temperatures. He increases the heat round carburettors to defeat ice. The plane climbs steeply towards drier air as rime forms on shining wings. It gets cold. Colder. "Oxygen," orders the pilot, adding, "11,000 ft."

He hands over to his co-pilot, goes the rounds of the crew to see they're all right. One trip, the crew heard strange sounds from the tail. Investigating they found their passenger singing noisily, struggling to rise—"drunk as a lord"! His oxygen mask had come adrift while he slept, and he had to be tied down until he'd recovered from the effects of rarefied air!

The navigator taps his skipper's shoulder again. "Point of no return." No matter what happens now there's no turning back; the bomber carries only sufficient petrol to reach Britain. It roars on.

Dawn. The great machine drops through clouds. Oxygen masks are removed. Look-outs watch for another danger—enemy planes, for they're in the "Combat Zone."

Another cry: "Land!" Passenger and crew crowd windows. The lad with the Aldis lamp, ready to flash recognition signs to trigger-fingered A.A. gunners, has a lump in his throat. He will not be returning to Canada. Like the navigator, he's flown 2,300 miles to join the R.A.F.

Among the fields is hidden an aerodrome. The navigator grins. "We're here, skipper." Another American bomber has arrived!

First "Excursions" Were Advertised as Trips to Hell

Established custom appears to dwarf contrary ideas. That thought is prompted through observation at Sydney Central Railway Station on a recent Sabbath morn.

The writer, busy trying to get a seat on a train for a one-day visit to pastures new, marvelled at the numbers setting off on pleasure bent.

To my inquiry, a genial official stated the average "excursion" train load, these days, is round the seven hundred passenger mark, "but," he added, "they used to pull a lot more than that when trains first came into being."

That last bit rather staggered me and prompted a bit of research work which brought more smiles than labour.

Obviously my informant was speaking of early trains in other climes, and this is what I found:—

On June 14, 1840, the first Sunday excursion train in England was run from Newcastle to Carlisle. It had fifteen carriages and was drawn by the "Wellington" engine, and the 320 passengers were the agents, friends and workmen of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, locomotive engineers.

The experiment proved a huge success, and when the second excursion was listed for August 9, 1840, from Leeds to Hull, no less than 1,250 passengers were hauled in forty carriages.

History was made on August 15 of the same year, when the Newcastle and North Shields School Board passed the following resolution:—"That the Rev. Mr. Atkinson be permitted to take the scholars and teachers of the Gateshead Fell National School to Tynemouth on Saturday next or any other day, at half price, namely, free one way and pay the other."

The last bit had great import. The Government of the day was exacting a toll of 1/8th of a penny per mile for any journey, no matter what the fare. By carrying the scholars free the tax was dodged.

The same brains thought out another good one: During race week, when the Manchester and Leeds Railway carried a number of children, they overcame the difficulty by

selling a third of the tickets and giving the others away.

The Sunday Excursion from Newcastle to Carlisle on August 29, 1841, attracted much public attention through the Rev. W. C. Burns, of Kilsyth, who was at Newcastle at the time. He placarded and billed the town denouncing the Sunday excursion idea. Here is the way he set out his ideas:—

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IT'S A PLEASURE TRIP!

The morning after the trip other bills made their appearance and announced the safe return of the trippers "from the place referred to in a previous notice." The excursions grew like wildfire and in September, 1844, one train ran from Leeds to Hull in four divisions, each division carrying two thousand passengers. A week later an enormous train consisting of 72 carriages, hauled by six locomotives, carried 3,000 passengers in one load from Gates Head to York.

Apparently we have slipped a bit on our haulage propensities. But, methinks, the modern way is safer, superior and faster.

Pain-Conquering Surgery

(Continued from Page 13.)

operation was repeated on the left side.

Two weeks later Dr. Brown was discharged from the hospital and went for a short vacation. He is back in practice now, fitter than ever. His blood pressure is normal.

Dr. Adson has performed this operation on over 300 patients, and Dr. Peet on some 500. Blood pressure has been reduced in more than half the cases, and about 85 per cent. have been relieved of headaches, dizziness and insomnia. Other surgeons, utilising other techniques, are now performing the operation regularly, though patients must be carefully selected.

Investigators are working hard to find a reliable medical rather than surgical treatment for hypertension. But neurosurgery meanwhile provides the only sure method of arresting this ruthless killer.

Condensed from an article in *Hygeia* by Lois Mattox Miller.

Yank Meets Jap in Fight

(Continued from Page 11.)

Jap. it is the most contemptuous of epithets.

Kitamura whirled, his face contorted with hate and ferocity. He smashed out at Clear's face with his left, catching him just above the eyes. The crowd gave a loud gasp of approval.

Kitamura edged closer. He was ready to move in for the kill. The crowd leaned forward with their eyes sticking out. But Clear sensed the finish, too. I could see him bracing himself. I doubt if the Jap. read any particular significance in Clear's cocked right hand.

Kitamura began hitting out with both hands at the American's arms, neck, face, anywhere he could land. Clear just stood there taking it. Then he fainted feebly with his left. And that was what the Jap. had been waiting for. He moved in like lightning. It was going to be round two all over again—this time for keeps.

But the American was thinking just one step ahead of the Jap. Instead of timing the one-two as he had before, Clear let go with that cocked right a fraction of a second after he fainted with his left. As Kitamura came rushing in, the sledgehammer caught him full in the face—185 pounds of heft and muscle and hate behind it. The impact shook the Jap. to his toes. He groped aimlessly with his hands, his breath whistling out in a thin red foam between smashed teeth.

Then the same fist again. This time from right off the floor—a merciless, killing blow. With a crash of paralysing destruction, it landed right on the point of the jaw.

The superb Jap. fighting machine disintegrated. A flat pallor spread over the yellow face. Kitamura fell like a log.

There was no counting. There was utter finality in that fall.

The Prince Regent and the general congratulated Clear, but what they said neither of us heard. I was too dizzy with delight, and Clear was just this side of a blackout quite as complete as the one enveloping his erstwhile foe.

There wasn't a sound in the place. The silent yellow faces of the audience watched the limp form of their champion being dragged away. (No

one ever heard of him again. It is not improbable that he committed hara-kiri to make up for his loss of face.) We were ushered out in some haste, as if our staying might not prove too healthy. . . .

Riding home, Clear said: "I'll never talk myself into a mess like that again—never—as long as I live." But he talked himself into Bataan and Corregidor!

To-day, 20 years later, I like to think that the ending of that grim fight is prophetic of the final result of the war we are now engaged in. For the present conflict must be waged to just such a definite conclusion. When we knock the Jap. out, we must knock him out for keeps, just as my friend Clear did. And in the same place—Tokyo!—("Readers' Digest.")

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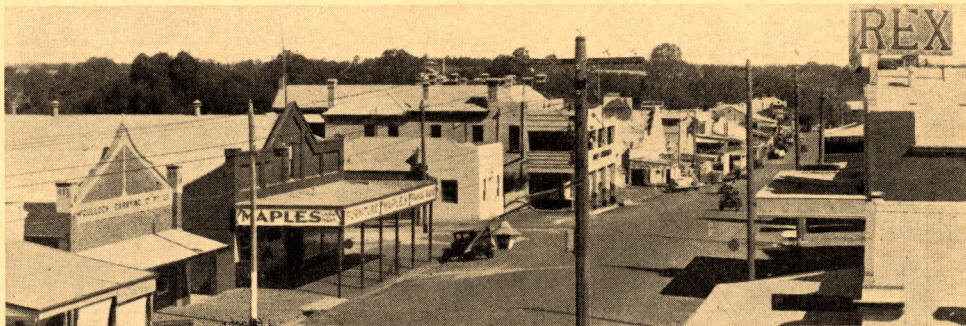
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COROWA

COROWA and the Coreen Shire comprise one of the richest districts in the Commonwealth, of fine river flats and alluvial soil. Five hundred and three feet above sea level, the climate is most temperate and pleasant.

In the year 1839, John Foord travelling overland from Sydney, arrived on the banks of the Murray River, some 40 miles to the westward of where Albury stands to-day. With him, as partner, was John Crisp, and together they took up a large area of land on both sides of the river. As their huge property was unnamed or unmarked on any map, these two partners set about to find a name for their holding and chose for the district the native name of "Corowa," meaning "a place where rocks appear when the stream is low," and "Wahgunyah," another native name, for the prospective homestead.

In the following year, 1840, John Foord built Wahgunyah homestead and this was occupied by the Foord family for 54 years.

Two years later John Crisp built a house across the river in Wahgunyah.

The property owned by these two men, known generally as Wahgunyah Station was enormous, the southern boundary extending as far as what is now known as Gullifers, on the Black Dog Creek.

Shortly after the establishment of Wahgunyah Station, Robert Brown, Albury's first white settler, left the Hume Inn, which he had built in Albury, and settled at Collendina, a few miles west of Corowa, on the banks of the Murray.

Three years later Charles Cropper came from Jervis Bay and settled on the land now known as the Brocklesby district.

Then, in the year 1850, the separation of Victoria from N.S.W. divided Wahgunyah Station within itself. The little settlement on the southern side of the river Wahgunyah, became a separate township and Corowa quickly grew in importance.

When the Southern State imposed customs duties, many amusing incidents took place along the border. In N.S.W. it was not at all an unusual thing in those days to find Victorians purchasing clothes at the border stores to avoid the duty imposed in Victoria, changing into them and carry-

ing their old clothes, which were duty-free, back across the border.

So the frugal-minded Victorians living near the border saved money. Fortunately, such action in those days was not looked upon as a serious breach of the law.

In the early 50's, those grand pioneers, Crisp and Foord dissolved partnership. Foord continued alone until 1856 when he sold most of the property to Younger and Bruce.

But this splendid pioneer of the Corowa district did not cease activity, for in 1857 he purchased the punt service across the river. The following year he built a flour mill, which is probably the oldest in Australia.

River steamer traffic was established on the Murray in the 1850's, and as Foord's punt was the only means of transport across the river for all the stock from a large area of the Riverina, sent to Melbourne, it paid handsomely.

In 1862, Foord became one of the promoters of a company which built a Toll Bridge across the Murray to replace the punt. The Government eventually took over the bridge and abolished the Toll; the present steel bridge was built 30 years later, in 1892.

Other early property-owners in this fertile district included William Wilson, M.L.A. of Victoria, of Coreen Station; John Wallace, M.L.C. of "Quat Quatta"; the Andersens of "Brocklesby"; Hay of "Collendina"; Whitty of "Terramia" and Sangar of "Wangamong."

It was at Corowa that Cobb and Company the famous coaching firm first established a coaching office and in Corowa, Cobb and Coy.'s patrons were accommodated overnight at the "Bush Inn," later the site of the "Globe" Hotel.

In 1871 there arrived in Corowa with his parents John Chivell, later to become Mayor of Corowa and to hold office, on and off, over a period of 30 years.

In 1875, the first newspaper, the "Corowa Free Press" was established and on 31st July, 1893, there came a great day in Corowa's history for it was the scene of the famous Federation Conference.

Out of the activities of this gathering which included such noted men as Alfred Deakin, J. B. Patterson, D. Quick, Sir Graham Berry, Sir William Lyne and Dr. Pearson was born the Australian Commonwealth of which Corowa claims to be the cradle.

The Municipality received its incorporation on June 3rd, 1903 and three years later, the first Shire Council was elected.

The Corowa district has achieved magnificent results in agricultural production particularly in regard to the growing of wheat, hay, oats and lucerne. In a pastoral sense also it is famous for its sheep, horses, pigs and cattle.

Good grapes are grown at Corowa and their cultivation dates back to 1859 when Mr. J. M. Sangar planted the first vines a mile north of the town. Ten years later this land was taken over by the Lindeman interests, under whose control it has remained since—and now equals hundreds of tons of grapes annually.

There are flour mills at Corowa and timber mills so that it may clearly be seen that the district has progressed with varied interests.

The town itself, with justifiable pride can point to its fine buildings and parks, the hospital and High School, the magnificent War Memorial, the Queen Victoria Gardens and other public recreation grounds.

Corowa, indeed, is a proud and worthy guardian on the border of N.S.W.—a place of progress and achievement and the birthplace of our Australian Federation.



Corowa Branch.

The RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES